

THE CHILD'S  
G E M.

WITH BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



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CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION



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## THE CHILD'S GEM.

### THE LITTLE SAVOYARDS

English lady, here you see  
Wandering young Savoyards three!  
We've a home, and are loved well,  
Near St. Jean our parents dwell!

Lady, do you ask wherefore  
We have left our father's door?  
'Twas because distress prevailed,  
And the olive harvest failed.

So we three resolved to take  
This long journey for their sake,  
And with tears they o'er and o'er  
Blessed us as we left their door.

## THE CHILD'S GEM.

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All through pleasant France we went,  
Singing to our instrument ;  
Passing on from league to league,  
Scarcely did we know fatigue.

English lady, now from thee,  
Do we ask in certainty ;  
Of thy store thou wilt give part—  
Blessings on thy generous heart !

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## THE INFANT HERO.

'Tis school time, mother, do you know  
The first bell rang an hour ago ?  
A little boy said this—his name  
I'll whisper in your ear quite plain,  
If for a moment you'll come here.  
But then you'll tell of it I fear,  
And that you know, would never do,  
As what I tell is strictly true.  
He held his sister by the hand—  
His twin sister—and there they stand  
With baskets, and a little book  
On which they both delight to look.



Their mother answered, ' You must wait,  
Although I know ' tis rather late ;  
I dare not trust you now alone,  
Nor till you've somewhat older grown.'  
' Why, mother, I am almost four  
And in six months I shall be more ;  
I'm sure I'm a great boy now.  
We'll go alone, I'll *tell* you how.  
If we may start, we will not play,  
Nor stop one moment on the way ;  
I'll take good care of Helen dear,  
So for her you need not fear ;  
I'll keep the stages off—*just so*—  
Say, my dear mother, shall we go ?'

I saw them start, and watched the boy,  
His face all bright with smiles of joy ;  
He walked erect, his eager eye  
Glanced round, the danger to espy ;  
And ever and anon, he told  
His sister he was now *so old*,  
She never need to be afraid,  
By day or night, in sun or shade.

My moral's short—'tis this : that boys  
Who, we all know, delight in noise,  
Should love their sisters more than play,  
And kindly treat them every day.

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### THE LITTLE TROUT.

Dear mother, said a little fish,  
Pray, is not that a fly ?  
I'm very hungry, and I wish  
You'd let me go and try,  
Sweet innocent, the mother cried,  
And started from her nook,  
That horrid fly is put to hide  
The sharpness of the hook !  
Now as I've heard, this little trout  
Was young, and foolish too ;  
And so he thought he'd venture out  
To see if it were true.  
And round about the hook he play'd  
With many a longing look,  
And ' Dear me,' to himself he said,  
' I'm sure that's not a hook.

'I can give one little pluck,  
Let's see, and so I will ;'  
So on he went, and lo ! it stuck  
Quite through his little gill !

And as he faint and fainter grew,  
With hollow voice he cried,  
Dear mother, if I'd minded you,  
I need not now have died.'

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### THE DEAD ROBIN.

Poor little robin ! he is dead !  
He will sing to us no more—  
And never turn his glossy head,  
When he hears us ope the door.  
How prettily he used to feed,  
And hop about so gay,  
When from the windows we threw seed.  
In happy, careless play.  
Oh, the world was a merry place,  
To little robin then ;  
He seldom saw a human face,  
Or heard the voice of men.





The far-off sky so bright and fair,  
Was very dear to him ;  
The air, the pure and balmy air,  
Was made for birds to swim.

But when the spring was very bleak  
His mate would build a nest ;  
And the fond pair came here to seek  
For comfort and for rest.

Within my little basket deep  
Their tiny eggs were laid ;  
For there his little ones could sleep,  
Nor care for sun or shade.

Oh, how I wish I'd let him go  
When his mate flew far away !  
I did not think it would be so—  
Oh ! what a gloomy day !

My naughty puss I'll never like  
For peeping in his house ;  
And yet how could the foolish tyke  
Know robin from a mouse ?

Ah, we ourselves are all to blame  
For pretty robin's fate ;

Indeed, it was a cruel shame,  
To take him from his mate.

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### THE LITTLE HUSBANDMAN.

I'm a little husbandman,  
Work and labor hard I can ;  
I'm as happy all the day,  
At my work as if 'twere play ;  
Though I've nothing fine to wear,  
Yet for that I do not care.

When to work I go alone,  
Singing loud my morning song ;  
With my wallet on my back,  
Or my wagon-whip to smack ;  
O, I am as happy then,  
As the idle gentleman.

I've a hearty appetite,  
And I soundly sleep at night ;  
Down I lie content, and say,  
' I've been useful all the day ;  
I'd rather be a plow-boy, than  
A useless little gentleman.'

## I'M POOR AND ALONE.

Take pity, I pray, on a poor orphan child,  
Who has not, like you, got a home ;  
I once was beloved, and I often have smiled,  
But now I am poor and alone.

I once had a father, so joyful and gay,  
Till the war came to make him his own ;  
He fought and he died—and Oh ! sad was the day,  
When he left us to weep all alone !

I once had a mother, so watchful and kind,  
Oh, why is such happiness flown !  
She bore all her sorrows and never repined,  
But she died—and she left me alone.

My good mother taught me to work and to pray,  
To be joyful with what was my own !  
But sickness and hunger both tempt me to-day  
To beg—for I'm poor and alone.

I once had a brother—he too was so kind.  
Oh, none seemed so good as my own !  
On the wide Indian sea by a merciless wind  
He was shipwrecked, and I am alone.



Weep not, little child, for a friend is still near ;  
Thy wishes and wants are all known ;  
Thy Father in heaven each meek suppliant will  
hear ;  
Thou art poor—but thou art not alone.

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### THE SCAR OF LEXINGTON.

With cherub smile, the prattling boy,  
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,  
Has thrown aside his favorite toy,  
And round his tender finger twines  
Those scattered locks, that with the flight  
Of fourscore years, are snowy white ;  
And as a scar arrests his view,  
He cries, 'Grandpa, what wounded you ?'

My child, 'tis five and fifty years,  
This very day, this very hour,  
Since from a scene of blood and tears,  
Where valor fell, by hostile power,  
I saw retire, the setting sun,  
Behind the hills of Lexington ;

While pale and lifeless on the plain,  
My brothers lay, for freedom slain !

And ere that fight, the first that spoke  
In thunder to our land, was o'er ;  
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke,  
I felt my garments wet with gore !  
'Tis since that wild and dread affray,  
That trying, dark, eventful day,  
From this calm April eve so far,  
I wear upon my cheek the scar.

When thou to manhood shalt be grown,  
And I am gone in dust to sleep,  
May freedom's rights be still thine own,  
And thou and thine in quiet reap  
The unblighted product of the toil,  
In which my blood bedewed the soil !  
And while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,  
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy.

But should thy country's voice be heard  
To bid her children fly to arms,  
Gird on thy grandsire's trusty sword,  
And, undismayed by war's alarms,

Remember on the battle field,  
I made the hand of God my shield,  
And be thou spared, like me, to tell  
Who bore thee up, while others fell.

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### HEN AND CHICKENS.

See, sister, where the chickens trip,  
All busy in the morn ;  
Look how their heads they dip and dip,  
To peck the scattered corn.

Dear sister, shall we shut our eyes ?  
And to the sight be blind ?  
Nor think of Him, who food supplies  
To us and all mankind ?

Whether our wants be much or few,  
Or fine or coarse our fare,  
To heaven's protecting care is due  
The voice of praise and prayer.

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### THE PLOUGH-BOY.

Where winds blow pure and freely,  
And blossoms load the air,





And green leaves wave their leafy boughs,  
And all around looks fair ;  
I ply my daily labor,  
And work till night has come,  
And then return contented  
To rest myself at home.

How sweet, unto the weary,  
Is such unvexed repose,  
When evening's lengthening shadows  
Around our cottage close ;  
And with quiet in our bosoms,  
We sit in twilight's shades,  
And watch the crimson radiance,  
As from the west it fades.

And then, how fresh the slumber,  
Which falls upon our eyes ;  
When night's clear dews are falling,  
And stars are in the skies !  
No feverish dreams affright us,  
And make us start and weep ;  
But trusting in God's kindly care,  
We gently sink to sleep.



And then ere morning flashes  
Along the eastern skies,  
We bless the care that watched us,  
And nerved to labor rise.  
We see the day-star fading,  
We see the vapors glide  
Along the misty vales below,  
And up the mountain's side.

Again our hardy sinews  
Are bent to manly toil ;  
Again we mow the waving grass,  
Or plough the dewy soil.  
And ever when our labors,  
For the day, are past and done,  
We sit before our cottage door,  
And watch the setting sun.

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### THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Remember, child, remember,  
That God is in the sky,  
That he looks on all we do,  
With an ever wakeful eye.